

**It was a bright morning day. I got out of my bed and got in the shower. It's A normal day. I get on the bus. I head to school. I get on the trolley and see Bre. We start talking about school then out of nowhere the trolley starts to shake and the lights turn off. I get scared. The lights start to flicker then they turn off. I feel something grabbing my arm, the lights turn back on, I close my eyes for a sec, I open them and I'm on an airplane.**

**I look around and I see passengers in their seats. I hear a baby crying in the back and I'm wondering how I got here and where I'm going. I hear a crack coming from next to me. I look around to see if anyone else heard it but everyone is still in their seats. I look outside my window to see where it came from and I see smoke in the sky. I don't pay attention to it much so I sit back down. I start having a feeling that the wing broke off the plane. I look out the window again to make sure and then I see more smoke. I try to follow the smoke with my eye and I see the wing of the plane.**

**The attendant comes in and tells everyone to put on their oxygen masks. I couldn't just sit and have an oxygen mask on so I looked down where I saw a backpack. I started digging through it and found a parachute, knife, med kit, flip phone, snacks and water, blanket, socks, and a lighter. I grabbed the parachute and put it on as fast as I could and I looked out the window again and I saw the plane falling. I get up and walk to the door. I make sure my parachute is not going to come off and my backpack is secured to the front of me. As I stand at the door I am feeling nervous and nauseous because I am about to jump out of a falling airplane. I look back, hold my breath, I count to 3 to jump off.**

**I jump, the plane falls faster than me, I make a dive so I can be on land before the plane lands. I make it on land a few seconds before the plane crashes. I try to clear out the way so no one gets hurt. The plane crashes, it makes a big bomb and crashes into two water tanks and 4 cars. The**

water tanks splashes out water making the street flood. When the water calms down I dig out the plane and try to save people. I grab my knife from my pouch. I see many people in their seats as I'm digging more. I start seeing blood dripping out of the seats. I see some people laying outside with twisted legs and arms when I'm digging. I find the door of the plane and go inside. Many things are in the way of letting me inside. I found some seats that still have people in them covered in blood. All of the people look dead. I couldn't tell if they were dead or not. I took out most of the people I could take out. I grab my knife and cut the seats. My hands were covered in blood. I was able to take out 25 people and 10 other ones who died when I took them out. The ambulance came and they took the 25 people that were injured. I was there taking care of the wreckage and helping people when all of a sudden I passed out. When I woke up I was on the trolley again. Bre asked me if I was ok because I passed out for a few minutes. I told her I was fine but I was really confused.

Later that day I was at my house and saw the news on my tv. I saw that 137 people had died in the plane crash and the 25 people were saved but with injuries. I go to sleep and wake up and see that I'm on the trolley I was on. I look around and I still see the lights flickering. I go on my phone and look at the news to see the most recent plane crash but nothing is on. I keep scrolling and I see a picture of the plane I was on. I read about what happened in the plane and I see the same things that I saw on the plane and the same amount of people that died and survived. I look at what year the plane crashed and it was 1985. I think to myself if I time travel but I know those things aren't real. I kept reading more on what happened and then I saw a picture of me, saying I was the person who saved the 25 people in the plane crash. I pinch myself to see if it was real or if I was just dreaming but I was still here. I couldn't believe I saved 25 people. I started to read more but I couldn't remember the last time I went on a plane. I start to think that time travel is real and what if when the lights were flickering on the train I travel to the plane?